

A N E C D O T E S

O F A

BOARDING-SCHOOL;

O R, A N

ANTIDOTE to the VICES

O F T H O S E

U S E F U L S E M I N A R I E S.

By M. P. *K*

I n T W O V O L U M E S.

V O L. I.

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AN E C D O T E S

BRITISH MUSEUM

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ANTHROPOLOGY



IN TWO VOLUMES

BY

W. D. C. W.

To Miss *** *****.

FEW are the conveniences, my dear girl, that are to be acquired in this world without their attendant evils; and the numerous ones which await a boarding-school education, are such, as for my own part, I think (in common) counter-balance the advantages that arise from it. However, there certainly are situations which render them very proper places for girls to pass some few years of their time at.

Such, my love, is your case, whose remote distance from the Capital makes it impossible for you to have any instructions in those polite accomplishments, so necessary for every woman to possess, who wishes to pass through life with any degree of grace or dignity.

Were your mamma's time at her own disposal, I doubt not but she would gladly dedicate every moment to your improvement; and, by her assiduity, amply supply the place of all other instructions; but her very numerous little family rendering that utterly impossible, she wisely submits to the mortification of parting with you for some few years, that she may receive you back greatly improved in all useful knowledge, as well as every ornamental science. Be it your care therefore, my dear, not to disappoint her pleasing expectations; since it entirely depends upon *yourself*, either to return to her all she hopes, or to give her the severest mortification, and real sorrow, by seeing you defective in those things she wished you to acquire; and what would be still worse, well versed in those *mean, deceitful* arts too commonly practised in large schools.

The following pages were written with a design at once to amuse and instruct you, by pointing out some of those *despicable* tricks, which children, when from under a watchful parent's eye, are frequently apt to commit, and even flatter themselves they are *harmless*, not considering to what dreadful practices they lead. Be careful, *greatly* careful, my dear child, that familiarity with the *sight*, does not make you grow indifferent to the *consequences* of such actions, and so tempt you to partake of the guilt: but let the advice contained in the following sheets sink deep into your mind, and be a shield to defend you from the contagion, which bad example is ever apt to diffuse over the heart of unexperienced innocence.

That you, my young friend, may be enabled, by the Grace of God, to preserve your heart pure and un sullied, as at the moment of quitting your parents roof, through every temptation which

may beset you; and that it may, like metal purified in the furnace, shine forth so much the brighter from triumphing over every gilded snare, is one of the most ardent wishes, and the sincere prayer of,

Your very affectionate Friend,

M. P.

A N E C D O T E S

O F A

BOARDING-SCHOOL; &c.

MISS *Beauchamp* was between nine and ten years old, when upon account of her mamma's bad health it was thought necessary for her to be sent to a boarding-school.

As she was exceedingly fond of her parents, the thought of being separated from them, gave her the greatest uneasiness; nor were they less concerned to part with their little girl, whose sweetness of manners, and dutiful behaviour, had rendered her most justly dear to them. But they wisely considered that it would be but a bad proof of their affection towards her, if for the sake of the present pleasure they found in her company, they

suffered her to lose those improvements proper for her station, and so necessary to render her pleasing in future life. They therefore determined to sacrifice their own enjoyment to her advantage, and, though much concerned at her loss, send her to a school a few miles distant from their house, which had been greatly recommended to them, on account of the peculiar care the governess was said to take of the improvement, as well as morals, of her pupils. For some days before that fixed on for the departure of little *Martha* (for that was her name) she was exceedingly cast down, and could scarcely answer any common question without tears. She walked round the house and gardens, taking a melancholy leave of every object that used to delight her, and wept most piteously as she packed up those dolls and play-things she was going to leave. Her mamma entered the room whilst she was thus employed, and as she was very busy upon her knees, stooping to look into a bottom drawer of a chest wherein she kept all her treasures, stood for some time unobserved, and heard her make the following doleful so-

Elloquy. "Come," said she, taking up her favorite doll, and laying it into the drawer, "you, poor thing! must now be locked up, and live here for the next six months," (then, bursting into tears, she went on) "and I *wish* I could be locked up with you! I might then have *some* comfort; for I could at least peep through the key-hole, and see my dear papa and mamma when they came into the room; but I am not to be so happy as that! I am to go a great way off, and not see them for a long time, and shall have nobody with me that I love, nobody that I know, or that cares a pin for me. O dear! I wish I was a doll, then I should feel none of this unhappiness."

Very true, my love (said her mamma, whom she just then discovered) you certainly, if a doll, would feel none of the trouble at parting from your friends which you now do; neither would you *have* any to part from. But tell me, my dear, had you rather *never* enjoy the delight of our society, than now be obliged to leave us for a little while, in order to gain those improvements, which will render you more deserving of our regard

and esteem. At present, as a *child*, we love you for those good qualities which you possess, but in order to make you esteemed as a *woman*, it is requisite you should acquire that knowledge, and those accomplishments, which my bad state of health renders me totally unable to bestow upon you myself; otherwise be assured, I would never thus distress you by sending you to school. But, my dear child, as it is thus necessary for your good that you should go, I am sorry to find you so give yourself up to despair, as even to disregard your very *existence*, and wish yourself no better than a *doll*.

Surely my love, you could not be in earnest when you said so! at least I am certain you did not consider your words; for if your present unhappiness arises from your love towards us, is it possible that you could wish yourself in such a senseless state as never to be capable of knowing us? Besides, setting aside your love to your *earthly* friends, would you, to avoid a present uneasiness, be content to be a meer *flick*, unacquainted with any of the attributes of God? Unable to behold the beauty of his works, to partake of his blessings,

to praise him for his goodness, and to enjoy his presence through all eternity? These things, my dear girl, are sufficient to repay, and over-balance any afflictions that we can possibly meet with in this world! and, as it is the highest ingratitude to overlook and disregard them, so is it also a very great wickedness. As such, my love, you must be careful to avoid it, and never again, whilst it pleases the Almighty to continue to you the blessing of life, suffer yourself for a moment, whatever your trials may be, to wish that life had not been given you.

My dearest mamma, replied *Martha*, throwing her arms round her neck, I would not do any thing that I knew to be *wicked* for all the world; and when I wished myself a doll, it was only that I might escape the grief which the thoughts of leaving you gives me. I never felt any such sorrow in all my life, and I cannot think of it for a moment without crying; and when I am in bed of a night, instead of sleeping, I only lie and think how unhappy I shall be when I am gone from you, when I cannot know every day how you do, and whether you have had a

good night; and when I shall have nobody to speak to who loves me. Besides, I have often heard that at schools there are many cross and bad girls; and if they should teach me to be like themselves, what shall I do then?

But that, my love (resumed Mrs. Beauchamp) they will never be *able* to do, unless you consent to become so. I do not say they will not *try* to persuade you to act like themselves, and perhaps laugh at you for refusing to comply; but do you be sure never to yield to their intreaties. Always remember the good instructions you have already received, and do not a *mean or dishonourable* action for any consideration that can be offered you. Endeavour to gain the good-will and love of your school-fellows by your civility and obliging behaviour; but if they will not be pleased unless you say or do what you *ought not*, you may regard their esteem as not worthy your acquiring, and look upon their ill-nature as beneath your notice. If they should say cross and insulting things to try to provoke or teaze you, do not you suffer yourself to be angry, nor on any account ever permit yourself to re-

turn the like behaviour to them ; for remember, if it appears wrong in *them*, it will be equally so in *you*, and the crimes of one person can in no degree excuse the faults of another. And though when absent from me, and mingled with numbers of other children, you may perhaps frequently have an opportunity to commit crimes without observation, still let this one important truth, my dear child, be always engraved upon your memory, *That no fault however secret, can be hid from the eye of God.* If therefore at any time you are tempted to evil, recollect this, consider God will observe what you do ; and then I am certain, though some of the girls may be both cross and naughty, you will never suffer yourself to commit any of their bad actions. Besides, my dear, amongst so large a number of children as Mrs. *Steward* has under her care, it will be strange indeed if none of them are good, and worthy your regard and friendship ; you will therefore connect yourself with those who are so, and by behaving kindly to them, secure their love towards you. Many such I trust you will find, and in their society enjoy more pleasure

and comfort, than at present you expect to meet, when removed to a distance from me; and to comfort you as far as in my power, I promise to write very frequently, and give you a faithful account of my health, and of every thing that passes at home. And I hope Mrs. *Steward* will permit you, when you have an opportunity, to write to me, and inform me likewise of what passes at school. Do not therefore, my dear *Martha*, so sadly distress yourself: you will find many enjoyments which you do not expect: besides, three or four months will soon slip away, and then we shall meet again.

In this manner did Mrs. *Beauchamp* strive to comfort her daughter, though she stood little less in want of consolation herself; for, added to what she felt at the thought of parting from her, her sufferings were very great; lest (as the child herself apprehended) she should by meeting with bad example, be taught to practice any of those little *mean* and *deceitful tricks*, which are so commonly committed in all large schools. However, as she thought it necessary for her to go, she endeavoured to console herself as well as

she could, by reflecting, that as her disposition was good, and her honor and veracity such as might be depended upon, she had great room to hope that she would preserve her nobleness of mind, and return to her uncorrupted by any of the vices or follies of the school. Recommending her therefore to the care of God, and praying for the assistance of his grace, to strengthen her against every temptation, she resolved to make herself as easy as she possibly could: whilst little *Martha*, in some degree, comforted by her mamma's discourse, kept up her spirits for the remainder of the day, rather better than for some time she had done.

At length the day arrived that was to put her fortitude to a severer trial than she had ever before experienced. The thoughts of leaving her beloved parents had so occupied her tender mind, that she could get very little sleep the night preceding her departure, and she rose early in the morning to take her final farewell of every object she was going to leave.

She had a little brother (an infant of about eleven months old) of whom she was exceedingly fond; and going into his nursery before he was awake, she laid her head down beside him on the pillow, and wetted his little cheek with her tears then taking his hand and gently kissing it, “My dear, dear Charles,” she exclaimed, “I must leave you to-day for a long while! By the time I come back you will not know me, but quite have forgotten to love me. O! what shall I do when I am at school, and cannot see you every day? what will become of me?”

In this manner she lay bemoaning herself, till her sobs awakened her brother: who, unconscious of her sorrow, smiled sweetly on her as he opened his eyes, and with his little hand began to stroke her face, and strive to catch the tears that trickled down from her eyes. Poor *Martina* needed not this fresh shock to her tenderness, to melt her into still greater floods of tears. Her grief now appeared beyond all bounds, and hugging her little brother round his neck, she sobbed for some time as if her heart would break.

At length she a little recovered, and recollecting herself, she said, "What shall I do? To cry so is wicked, and yet I do not know how to help it; but I *will try*: I will go to my mamma: if she is up, she will talk to me, and that perhaps will do me good."

She then wiped her eyes, and slowly walked into her mamma's apartment, where she found her just risen, and with a book in her hand.

Pray, Madam, what book is that? said *Martha*, scarce knowing what she uttered, only for the sake of saying *something* to repress her tears. It is, my dear, a very pretty book, replied her mamma, and one I have purchased on purpose for you. I think you will be much pleased with it, as it gives some account of a good little girl, whom, if you chuse, you may fancy yourself like; and the letters her mamma and aunt write to her, are just such, as upon the same subjects I could wish, if I had time and abilities, to write to *you*. You may therefore, when you read them *fancy* they came from me, and instead of my giving you them thus

altogether, *make believe* I send them one at a time by the post, and follow the good advice they contain as if in *reality* this was the case, since I assure you I approve of it much, and think you cannot too implicitly obey it.

Martha thanked her mamma, and taking the book, was going to carry it up stairs to be packed in her trunk; when her mamma stopped her, saying, Stay, my dear, that is not all I have for you, there are two more volumes of those *Letters and Dialogues*; and here are the *Adventures of a Pincushion*, and the *Memoirs of a Peg-Top*, of all them very pretty, entertaining, instructive books, which I dare say you will find great amusement in reading; and I am sure if you attend to, and remember the instructions contained in them likewise, you will reap great improvement from them. Whatever you read, always, my dear, endeavour to retain those parts which are to inform the mind, and improve your understanding, as well as those more trifling ones which are designed only to divert you. And my love, continued Mrs *Beauchamp*, taking a new Bible and Prayer-Book out of her

closet, here are these two more important books for you ; which I must beg of you to make a proper use of ; since all your happiness, both in this world and that which is to come, depends upon your own behaviour : and never will you know how to behave so as to gain the approbation of God, unless you learn his commandments, which are only to be found in this book of his word. Read it therefore, my dear love, with attention : beg the favour of Mrs. *Steward* to explain what you cannot understand ; or if she be too busy to attend to you, study those parts that I have already instructed you in the meaning of, and frequently read over what you *do* understand.

This Common Prayer Book too, my dear, I bought for you to take with you. It is rather smaller than I could wish, but as most likely you will be obliged always to carry it to church in your pocket, a larger I thought would be more inconvenient to you.

I am sure you are too good a child, to require me now to remind you in what manner you should behave when at church. It has been with the greatest

pleasure I have always remarked your very quiet and attentive behaviour when there, and I hope likewise your thoughts have at such times been fixed upon God, and the duties you were then performing; for unless, my dear, we think upon, and attend to our devotions, it is to no purpose that we go to church, or kneel and repeat the words of a prayer; for the *heart* alone is what the Almighty regards. If therefore that is engaged on any trivial worldly pursuit, our prayers are rendered vain, nay, even impious in his sight. Carefully therefore strive at all times, when offering up your devotions to to him call off your mind from all earthly objects, and fix it intirely on him to whom you pray, and who is able and willing to do for you, far more than either you desire or deserve.

I will, my dearest mamma, replied *Martha*, try and remember every thing you tell me: but pray let me know how many years I am to stay at school?

That, indeed, rejoined Mrs. *Beauchamp*, depends upon the improvements you make: the more pains you take, and the faster you learn what is taught you, the

sooner you will return home ; and I hope the thoughts of this will be one motive to inspire you to be very industrious, and spare no pains to acquire those accomplishments which your papa and I grudge no expence to let you learn. But come, my love, breakfast is now ready, and your papa waits for us ; let us therefore go down to him.

Martha directly followed her mamma into the parlour, but could not eat one mouthful of breakfast ; her heart was too full of sorrow to leave her any inclination for food. At the request of her papa she drank a cup of milk ; but upon his telling her that she had better eat, she again burst into tears.

Well, well, said he, I do not wish you to eat if you had rather not, but neither do I wish you to cry. Do, my dear *Martha*, endeavour to suppress your tears, it makes me quite unhappy to see you so distressed. You will find school much more agreeable than you expect. Mrs. *Steward* is a very good-natured woman, and I doubt not but amongst the fifty-seven little girls that her school consists of, you will meet with many agree-

able play-fellows, who will teach you an hundred games that you never thought of before ; and in a little time you will be as merry as any of them.

I merry, rejoined *Martha* hastily, *no*, that I shall not ; I shall *never* be merry any more !

O my love, said her mamma kissing her, I hope you will ; and very shortly too. I should indeed be sorry, if, after all our care of you, you felt no concern at parting from us, but still you must not let your *affection* for us overcome your *resolution*, my *Martha*. Let our situation be ever so bad, we must never suffer ourselves to despair of better days : and in your present distress, my dear, you may be certain of again receiving comfort. In the first place, those persons whom you are going to be with, will every day be less and less strange to you ; you will have the pleasure of finding yourself make daily improvements in knowledge, and you are certainly in a few years of returning to us again.

Just as Mrs. *Beachamp* said these words, the carriage drove to the door ; and poor *Martha* seeing it, clasped her arms round

her mamma's neck, and sobbed to so violent a degree, that they were almost apprehensive of her going into fits. Mrs. *Beauchamp* was so much affected by seeing her distress, that she begged to be excused going with her to the school; as she was fearful she might herself discover her uneasiness in such a manner as to add to the affliction of her daughter. Taking her hands therefore from her neck, she led her towards her papa, saying, Your papa, my love, will go with you, I find myself unable to attend you. Remember, my dear, the advice I have given you, and as you love me, or value my affection, be careful never to be guilty of deceit, or any sly mean action: wherever you are, remember that you are a christian; and be careful never to say or do any thing disgraceful to that high character,

Poor *Martha* tried to express her gratitude for her kind advice; but her heart was too full to speak, and she could only sob out in almost unintelligible words, " *I wi-wi-will be good.*" Mr. *Beauchamp* then led her to the coach, and endeavoured with his usual good humour to

divert her melancholy as they rode, by telling her many little comical incidents which happened when he was a boy, one of which was as follows:

In the village where my father lived, said he, the poor neighbouring people were extremely superstitious, so as to render their lives quite uncomfortable, by reason of their apprehensions. If a coal bounced from the fire, they immediately fancied it in the shape of a coffin, and thought it was come to give them warning of their deaths being near approaching: or if a raven flew over their house, they instantly supposed that it was an omen of some misfortune (though they could not possibly tell what) befalling them. They likewise firmly believed, that ghosts frequently appeared, and always at night walked about church-yards and unfrequented places. In short, so many of these foolish opinions were received amongst them, that they past their lives in one continued dread, and were never free from some apprehension of evil; and as in the course of nature many accidents daily happen, they always supposed they were owing to those *signs* (as

they called them) which they had before observed. So if any person died in the neighbourhood, they would directly say, they expected *something* would happen, for a coal had bounced out of the fire, or a dog barked, or a raven flown by, or an owl shrieked, or a cuckow been heard, or something or other, which made them sure some misfortune would shortly happen. And thus they thought every disaster came, *because* of such things; without considering, that the very same events would have occurred, whether they had heard, or seen any what they called, *bad omens* or not.

People thus inclined to be terrified at even less than their own shadows, you may suppose were easily imposed upon: the appearance of almost every thing alarmed them; and when once they had taken fright, they never gave themselves leave to examine into the cause of their uneasiness. If any foolish person fancied they had either heard or seen any thing *unlucky*, they need but mention their own fears to have the whole family take the alarm, and be rendered equally wretched. An instance of this kind happened, which

though it gave great uneasiness, is so truly ridiculous, that one cannot help mingling great *contempt* with one's pity, for the suffering of those who could so torment themselves with their own fancies. One of my father's fields was adjoining to the side of a cottage in which dwelt a man and his wife, his wife's mother, and seven children, the eldest of whom was about fifteen years old. The field had a great many lime-trees in it, which in the hot months of the summer harboured such numbers of flies, as made it impossible to let the horses graze there during the day time. My father therefore used to keep them in the stable all day, and let them be turned out in the evening after the sun had been down some hours, and the flies had mostly settled to rest. Amongst the horses which were sent there, one was black, with a remarkable white face; so that when it was dusk, or moon-light, no part of him was seen but his face: and when at a distance it was moving about, it was difficult to discern at first what it could be. One of the children of the family I just mentioned, happened one evening as he was

lolling over the pales, looking into the field by moon-light, to discover this wonderful phænomenon; and without staying one moment to find out what it was, ran into the house, frightened almost out of his wits, and spread equal terror through the whole family, by positively declaring that he had seen a ghost in Mr. *Beauchamp's* field. For a few minutes, the father pretended to have rather more courage than the rest of his family, and getting up, and putting on a voice of boldness, said he would go and see what there was. The boy, guarded by his father, returned to the pales, to point out to him the spot where he had seen it; but as the horse had turned his tail towards them, the ghost was not to be found: till by their talking they engaged the attention of the horse, which being remarkably gentle, turned round towards where it heard the voices, and began trotting up to them.

The terror the father, as well as the son was put into at its approach, is not possible to be described; they both ran in as fast as they could, confirming the certainty of what the boy had before re-

ported. From that instant the comfort of the little society was totally at an end; the conversation turned upon nothing but dismal stories of ghosts and ill omens; and not one of them dared to stir out of the room by themselves. All of them were confirmed in their belief of the *reality* of such things; and each, momentarily expected to find themselves taken ill, as they were satisfied some of them must certainly die, after having seen such a *terrible* ghost. However, they all continued well till the next morning, when they heard that a man in the parish (who was *eighty* years old, and had been extremely ill for above a month) had died in the night. This a little set their hearts at rest with respect to their *own* deaths; but *convinced* them that the ghost certainly appeared, *because* the man did die.

And here, my dear *Martha*, I cannot help remarking, the great folly of peoples tormenting themselves with such kind of notions; and supposing that God Almighty would send *signs*, to terrify a neighbourhood, for no one use whatever: for, had the horse *really* been what they thought, what *use* could there be in its

coming and alarming a whole family, *because* an old man in the parish was going to die? It is wonderful therefore, how reasonable beings can suffer themselves to be so led away by folly, as for a moment to give credit to such idle stories. Happily the belief of them is now much out of fashion; but still there are *some* foolish people and children who even yet are sometimes alarmed by them.—But I must tell you the conclusion of my history.

After hearing of the death of the old man, they were very composed the rest of the day, and fixing in their minds, that *that* must have been the *cause* of their over-night's disturbance, they returned in the evening to their cottage, perfectly easy and composed; but unhappily, just before they were going to-bed, one of them proposed to go to the place where their father and brother had seen the dreadful sight the night before. The proposal was agreed to by the whole party, and out they all went to look over the pales. There, said the father, pointing out his finger, just *there* it was we saw it; and a more dreadful ghost I never beheld in all my life. O! father, screamed

out one of the girls, is not that it at the other corner of the field? and is it not coming towards us? As sure as you are *alive* it is, replied he. And indeed he spoke true enough, for the very same white faced horse again came trotting towards them, and, what greatly added to their consternation, it began neighing as it advanced.

They were alarmed at it before, but this greatly increased their apprehensions and they returned to the house, terrified to a degree beyond expression. The youngest boy said, he thought it only sounded like a *horse's noise*; but all the rest were certain that it was the *awful* voice of a ghost; and certainly by its coming two nights to their house, was meant to give them notice of something most *terribly great* and *shocking*. None of the family could sleep all night, and the next day they told the dreadful account to their neighbours, who all were of the same opinion, that *something* must shortly happen.

But it would be endless to tell you what passed every day upon the subject; it is sufficient to inform you, that they

were so much alarmed by the sight of it every night, that some of them grew quite ill, and they were going to quit their house, to try to get from it; hoping it would continue to haunt the *house* only, and not *them*.

The day before they intended to remove, my father met the man; and enquired the cause of their leaving his house, after having resided there so many years? Sir, said the man, we cannot possibly continue there any longer; and in my opinion, the cottage had better be pulled down, for not a soul will ever live in it any more. Upon my father desiring to know what offence the *house* had been guilty of, to create so many enemies, and no friends, he told him the whole of the affair, not forgetting likewise to let him know, that old *John Web* died the night of its first appearance. My father talked much to him about the *folly*, as well as *sin*, of taking such notions into their heads, and begged he might visit him in the evening, to see the object which had so much alarmed them.

Accordingly between nine and ten he went, and they conducted him to the same spot from whence the spectre had so often been seen. They waited some time before it made its appearance, and my father began to be apprehensive that his curiosity would remain ungratified, when, just as their patience was beginning to be tired out, and they were returning in, one of the family discovered it approaching towards them. There! there! said he, now Sir, will you believe your own eyes? I hope you will never laugh at *us* any more? My father instantly saw what it was. *Laugh* at you, rejoined he, why I think you will not be able to help laughing at yourselves, when *your* own eyes have convinced you what it is that has so much alarmed you, and made you all so unhappy.

Upon hearing my father's voice, the horse came neighing up to the place where he stood, and put his head over the pales; which so much terrified the whole party, that they ran screaming in doors, exclaiming against my father's *presumption*, in daring to stand so near the ghost, nor was it till after a considerable time, that

he could prevail upon any of them, to come and see what it was which had frightened them. I do beg, said he, that you will come and convince yourselves that here is nothing that can either alarm you, or foretel the death of any of your neighbours, or cause poor old *John Web* to die the night he did. Pray come and see, bring a light with you, and I hope it will teach you never more to make yourselves so unhappy for nothing. With this, and a great deal more persuasion, he at last prevailed upon the eldest boy to venture out. He came trembling, and almost frightened to death, to my father; who taking hold of his hand, insisted upon his going up close to the *ghost*.

The boy for some time kept his eyes shut, and would not presume to look upon it; but my father laid his hand upon the horse's back, which the lad feeling, at length opened his eyes; and to his great joy, shame, and surprise, found that an innocent *horse* had been the sole cause of all their anxiety and terror. As soon as he discovered what it was, he called out to the family to come and see.

O! father, said he, it is only Mr. *Beauchamp's* horse, indeed it is not a ghost; do, bless your hearts, come and look at it; for it will not hurt you *indeed!*

Upon hearing their son thus assure them, that they would be in no danger, they at length ventured to go all together, lighting two or three candles to take with them, that they might be certain of what they should see. The father, with one of the lights in his hand, advanced first to the pales, whilst his wife, mother, and children came trembling, and creeping behind; nor for some time would they all be persuaded, that that was the object they had before seen: till my father blew out the lights, and drove the horse farther from them, when they found that his white face had the same appearance as before.

Now, said my father, *I hope you will believe your own eyes*, and be convinced for the future that it is your own *fancies* alone that create *ghosts* and *ill omens*, and not God Almighty; for you may assure yourselves *he* never makes any thing in vain. He created man capable of enjoying eternal happiness, and will certainly render

him so, unless he forfeits his pretensions to it by his sins. Every object we behold, every herb and plant that grows, ministers to some good and beneficial purpose. Is it then to be supposed, that a God of goodness and mercy would be the author of *signs* and *omens*, only to terrify and distress his creatures, to whom he has shewn such abundant kindness, and provided so many things for their comfort? Foolish naughty children may perhaps take delight to teaze each other, and think it nice play, and *fun* to frighten one another, but our God acts not so cruelly. If at any time he afflicts us, it is to humble us, and to shew us our own weakness, and teach us to put our whole trust and confidence in him. If therefore he sees it necessary to correct, depend upon it he will do it by some *other* method than by the flying of birds, the barking of dogs, the bouncing of coals from the fire, and such insignificant things, which alarm only the weakest of people, but leave others of stronger sense totally unmoved, and consequently unchastised. Were you to examine the whole nation through, I will venture to pronounce, that you

would not find one person of any learning, or strong sense, who, in the smallest degree, believes in any of those kind of things which you so much distressed yourselves about: none but those whose poverty has kept them from being able to improve their understandings, and children, whose judgments are too weak to reason, and who have been told such things by those as they thought knew better than themselves, but who in reality were more ignorant. Assure yourselves, therefore, my good friends, continued my father, nothing can be more ridiculous than alarming yourselves with such idle notions, or supposing that Almighty God would so terrify his creatures for no use; and certainly it would be to no use; since by any of the *signs* you think you hear and see, you do not know what you are to do upon the occasion. I hope, therefore, that the uneasiness which for the last month you have suffered on account of my horse, (and which you were *sure* was the cause of old *Web's* death) will teach you, for the future, to disregard all such appearances, and convince you, that if you do

but give yourselves leave to examine into what they are, you will always find them to be either *white faced horses*, or something not more terrific.

The whole family appeared to be greatly convinced by my father's arguments, though they had so long been prejudiced in favor of the contrary opinion, that they could not feel that satisfaction my father wished: however, I believe it made them more comfortable, and they enjoyed their lives much better than they had ever done before! for whenever they were beginning to be alarmed at any thing, instead of at once giving way to their fears, they would say, Well, do not let us frighten ourselves for *nothing*, perhaps it is nothing worse than a *white faced horse*.

Little *Martha* listened with great attention to this history related by her father, and, for some moments, forgot her own sorrow; but as soon as he stopped, she said, Miss *Martin* told me that the girls at *her* school believed in such sort of things: suppose they should at mine, what then?

What then! rejoined her father, why then you may relate to them the story I have been telling to you; and if they refuse to be convinced by it, I hope you will have sense enough to disregard all such kind of nonsense; and unless you suppose that such foolish girls have more knowledge than your parents, and the wisest people of all ages, I am sure you will not attend to any thing of the kind, or for a single moment suffer yourself to be uneasy by such folly. God, my dear child, is the governor and kind protector of the universe, and never will terrify and alarm his creatures, only to make them unhappy, without doing them any service.

By the time Mr. *Beauchamp* had finished speaking the coach stopped at Mrs. *Steward*'s door, and poor *Martha*, with streaming eyes, and palpitating heart, entered the house, holding her papa's hand with both her's, as if fearful that he would leave her before she bid him farewell. They were conducted into a parlour where Mrs. *Steward* presently came to them, and received them with great ease and po-

liteness, without appearing to observe the tears of her new pupil.

I have brought you, Madam, said Mr. *Beauchamp*, the little girl whom I some time ago called to speak to you about, and I hope you will find her as good a scholar as she has hitherto been a daughter. From her present appearance I almost fear that you will form but an unfavorable opinion of her; but her tears proceed, I assure you, from no other cause, than her sorrow at parting from her mamma and myself. I hope therefore you will excuse them, and be kind enough to overlook and pardon, what might otherwise appear as a disrespect to yourself and family.

Pardon it, Sir! replied Mrs. *Steward*, I am sorry you should think it necessary to make any apology upon the subject; for so far am I from being offended by such tears, that I regard them as the surest sign of a good and dutiful disposition. I cannot bear the vice of ingratitude; and the child who can leave its kind parents without sorrow and regret, must surely be *most* ungrateful for their favors, undeserving of their kindness and

their love. Besides, you know, a *Governess*, by young folk, is frequently looked upon as something very terrific, and a *school* fancied to be little better than a prison: but I trust that Miss *Beauchamp* and I shall soon be better acquainted, and though she may feel a just regret at parting from her mamma, still I hope she will find me not wholly unworthy of being ranked amongst the number of her friends. If kindness and assiduity will gain her attention, I will engage, that on my part she shall have no cause to complain; and amongst the number of my little scholars, I trust she will find many agreeable companions, who will help to make her time pass more pleasant than she seems to expect.

Aye, aye, said Mr. *Beauchamp*, I doubt not but she will soon be very happy, and very merry: at least I hope so, for she is a good girl, and I should be sorry for her to be grave and unhappy. Then taking her upon his knee, and kissing her, and again reminding her, that the more she improved, the sooner she would quit school; he took leave of her, promising that she should have a letter to

acquaint her of every thing that passed at home, and likewise desired she would frequently write to them ; which Mrs. *Steward* assured her she should have the liberty of doing, as often as she wished for it.

On Mr. *Beauchamp*'s departure, little *Martha*, whose tears had scarce ceased all day, flowed with still greater violence, and sitting herself down upon a chair, with her face towards the wainscot, she sobbed and cried, quite regardless of Mrs. *Steward*, or any one who came into the room.

Mrs. *Steward* was a very good kind of woman ; and, as she was convinced that *Martha*'s tears proceeded from no sort of naughtiness, but purely from affection to her parents, she was so far from blaming her, that for some time she took no kind of notice of it : nay, she even went out of the room, and left her, as she thought *Martha* would be more likely to recover herself when alone, than if under the restraint of any body's observation. In about half an hour Mrs. *Steward* returned, bringing in with her Miss *Kitty Long*, who was an agreeable good little girl of

about eight years old. Here, my love, said Mrs. *Steward* to Miss *Beauchamp*, I have brought you a little companion, who will be happy to afford you every amusement in her power; she will either stay with you here, or take a walk with you in the garden, or introduce you to the rest of the young ladies, which ever you like best, or perhaps you would wish to see the apartment in which you are to sleep, if so, you are very welcome to go.

Poor *Martha*, who was crying too much to be able to speak a great deal, only said, "I thank you, Madam! if you please, I will go up stairs." Go then, Miss *Kitty*, said Mrs. *Steward*, shew Miss *Beauchamp* the way into your apartment, and she will sleep with Miss *Grumpton* so you may likewise tell her which will be her bed.

Little *Martha* then following the example of her companion, made a curtsy to Mrs. *Steward*, and walked after her up stairs. But what was her astonishment, when instead of finding, as she expected, a bed-chamber with one, or at most two beds in it, she was introduced into a long room with seven, one by the side of the

other. Pray am I to sleep in this room? enquired she eagerly. Yes, Miss, replied Miss *Kitty Long*, and running up to the bed that stood the *fourth* from the door, added, *this* is to be the bed you are to lay in; and my sister *Polly* and I lay in the next; and my sisters *Jane* and *Ann* in the next, and Miss *Brown* and Miss *Small* in the last. And on this other side of you, said she, tripping back again to the beds she had before passed by, lay Miss *Crick* and Miss *Hastings*: and in this Miss *Nugent* and Miss *Grout*, and in this Miss *Trip* and Miss *Barry*. So you see there are just fourteen of us all together; and sometimes we are so merry! we all get out of bed, and play at blind-man's-buff, or dance about in the dark: then if we hear any noise, and think any body is coming, away we all run helter-skelter, to get into our beds: then we knock our heads against the bed-posts, and sometimes push one another down in our hurry; for if we are found out of bed, my governess is very angry, and the next morning we have nothing but dry bread, and *nasty-poison* water-gruel. I *bate* water-gruel! do not you? I cannot say I

much like it, replied *Martha*, and therefore I think I should take care not to get it, by doing what *Mrs. Steward* disliked.

To be sure that would be the best way, said Miss *Kitty*; but sometimes we do what we ought not, though it is foolish enough I confess, for we *generally* get punished for it; *always* indeed, if *Mrs. Right* knows it. Pray who is *Mrs. Right*? enquired *Martha*. O! she is our first teacher, replied *Kitty*, and the crossiest *soul* that ever wore a head: she is ten thousand times worse than my governess; she is forever finding *fault* with something or other, and makes twenty times more *fuss* about holding up our heads and behaving gracefully than *Mrs. Steward* does.—But sit down in this window, and I will tell you about *every thing*.

Poor little *Martha* obeyed, and with a heavy heart seated herself, to listen to the information of Miss *Kitty*. who sitting by her, with the fore-finger of her right hand began to number up all the governesses and teachers by the fingers of her left; so taking hold of her left thumb, There, said she, first and foremost stands *Mrs.*

Steward my governess, whom you saw in the parlour; and very kind and good-natured she is to us when we are good, but *horribly cross* when we are naughty. Then next (touching her fore-finger) comes *Madam Right*, as *cross* as *two sticks* can possibly be, and very few of us love her; and I can tell you, if you do not hold up your head better than you do at present, she will give you a good *bang* on the back of your neck, and you may think yourself happy if she does not *somewhere else* beside. Well, next to her comes Mrs. *Davis*, I cannot say that I am *vast* fond of her, she is very apt to be *cross*; and she tells a *monstrous* many *tales*. Then there is Miss *Starch*, as bad as any of the rest, she comes in fifty times when we are at play, to see if we are about any mischief; and if she does not like our employments, she makes us go and sit still by the side of her, and instead of play, gives us a *load* of spelling or grammar to learn by heart. Then comes *Madam Brilieu* the *French* teacher; and, except being very *cross* when we do not say our tasks right, she is the most good-natured of any of them.

By the time Miss *Kitty* had proceeded thus far in her account, the bell rang for dinner, and without hearing any of *Martha's* remarks, she was obliged to conduct her into the dinner-parlour, where she found the five ladies above described, and upwards of fifty scholars, already assembled at two long tables, at the head of one of which Mrs. *Right* presided.

Poor *Martha*, upon the sight of so large a company, so very unlike to the little beloved party she had left at home, again burst into tears, but walked very obediently to the lower end of Mrs. *Right's*, which was the second table, and where the younger children all dined. She took the seat which was appointed for her, but could not be prevailed upon to eat one mouthful. When some meat was put upon her plate she cut a morsel, and put it towards her mouth, then again laying it down said, *Indeed* I cannot eat, I am not at all hungry. Well then, said Miss *Starch*, you must leave it, I think; but it is very odd that you cannot eat a *little*! I am sure you might if you would; by-and-by you will be sick! I think it is

very *naughty* that you will not try and eat Miss!

Martha, who had never before been told that she was *naughty*, except when she had really been guilty of some crime, found this rebuke so far from abating her tears, that it afforded fresh cause for her grief, and she sobbed so loud, as to cause the eyes of every one to be turned towards her. Mrs *Steward* enquired, with great good-humour, what was the matter? Only this little lady, Madam, replied Miss *Starch*, will not eat a bit, and she cries so she will make herself quite sick; I declare the child already looks like a ghost. I never saw any of the young ladies cry so in my life, I am sure it is very *rude*; it is just as if she thought she was come here to be treated ill.

No, no, replied Mrs. *Steward*, I dare say she has no such thought. Come hither, my dear, and you shall sit by me to-day. *Martha* then went to her and said, *I cannot eat, indeed Madam*. Well, my dear, never mind that, you will be better another day; perhaps the smell of the victuals may be disagreeable to you;

if it is, you may go back again into the parlour. *Martha* was rejoiced at this permission, and instantly went away ; where, after crying for some time, she at length fell asleep on a sofa, on which she had laid herself down.

After dinner was over, *Mrs. Steward* went to look for her new little charge, and as she found her asleep, she crept softly out of the room again, and gave orders for no one to go near, or disturb her. *Martha* had had so little sleep for some nights past, and her spirits were so fatigued with the uneasiness which she had suffered, that nature stood much in need of some repose ; and she continued in a quiet sleep till half an hour after six, when she was awakened by the bell which rang to give notice that supper was ready.

When she first opened her eyes she looked round the room with surprise, not immediately recollecting where she was ; then seeing *Mrs. Steward* (who was again returned into the parlour) she rose up in a hurry, and seemed confused at having been found in that posture. Do not hurry yourself, my dear, said *Mrs. Steward*,

hope I did not alarm you ? You seem to have had a nice sleep : I have been watching you some time, and was rejoiced to see you look so composed. I fancy by this time you would be glad of a little refreshment ? You have eat nothing all day, and the young ladies are just going to supper, give me leave to introduce you to them, I am sure they will be delighted to see you amongst them, and will try all in their power to divert and amuse you.

Martha, though so far refreshed by her sleep as to cease crying, yet felt no inclination to join in the amusements of her school-fellows, but as she thought that *Mrs. Steward* seemed to wish she would go to them, and her desire was always to behave as was most agreeable to those she was with, she said, if you please, *Madam*, I will go to the young ladies. Come then, my dear, replied *Mrs. Steward*, I will conduct you to them. So saying, she took her by the hand, and led her into the same parlour where they dined. I have brought *Miss Beauchamp*, my dear ladies, said she, who wishes to be introduced to your acquaintance. She appears to be a

remarkable good little girl, and I hope you will all shew her every civility and kindness in your power. Here, Miss *Mary Candid*, continued she, give me leave to recommend to your notice this little lady, endeavour to amuse her, and give her every necessary information relating to the rules of the school.

Miss *Candid* then came forward, and taking *Martha* by the hand, led her to that seat next herself at the table, and very kindly begged her to eat a piece of bread and butter, which *Martha* (finding herself rather hungry, not having eaten a single mouthful all day) willingly accepted, and drank a little basin full of milk and water: which Miss *Starch* observing, said, O! I am glad to see you begin to eat a little Miss! I hope now you will soon get a little more sociable with the ladies, for I declare it made me quite *miserable* to see you cry and *take on* so.

This speech nearly undid all the good effects of the sleep; and had she proceeded another word, *Martha* would certainly have been as much drowned in tears as ever: but Mrs. *Davis* perceiving

it, said in a low voice to Miss *Starch*, I believe, Madam, we had better say no more on the subject, the less notice we take of such kind of things the better, and the sooner it will be over. Then ringing the bell, she ordered the servants to take away the supper things, and the young ladies returned back to the school room, where they began to play and amuse themselves, in such different manners as best suited their various inclinations. *Martha*, however, was too much oppressed to join their sports, and Miss *Candid* and Miss *Kitty Long*, both very kindly sat still with her, striving to divert her by their conversation; and giving her the descriptions of many of their playmates characters, some of whom she fancied she should in future like to play with, and others whom she apprehended would by their behaviour only add to her uneasiness at leaving home; amongst which number she was much concerned to find was Miss *Grumpton*, the young lady with whom she had heard her Governess say she was to sleep. This sadly distressed her, for as she was a total stranger to them all, there could appear no just reason why she

should object to the company of one more than another: besides, she was by far too timid to think of opposing any thing her superiors appointed. She therefore found that there was no remedy, and had only to hope, that Miss *Grumpton* might prove less disagreeable to her than she was to Miss *Candid*; or else she must submit to it, as one of the many disagreeables she expected to find whilst at school. However, the thought of being so connected with a girl of bad temper, by no means helped to restore her mind to peace, and she waited, with dismal apprehension, the hour appointed for their going to rest.

At length the clock struck eight, and Mrs. *Steward* and all the teachers entered the room, when Miss *Candid* informed her they were going to prayers. Mrs. *Steward* then desired there might be silence, and they all immediately knelt down.

Martha, with her heart overflowing with the tenderest of feelings, and thinking the moment was now come, in which she could join as sincerely as any of the rest, knelt down with her face towards the wainscot, to prevent the sight of any

object interrupting her devotion. But how was she disappointed, when instead of hearing words which she understood, *Madam Brilieu* began to read the prayers in *French*, a language she was totally unacquainted with. As soon as the ceremony was over, they all rose from their knees, and curtsying to *Mrs. Steward* and *Mrs. Right*, walked out two and two, attended by *Mrs. Davis*, *Miss Starch*, and *Madam Brilieu*, who saw them all safe into bed.

As soon as their door was locked, *Martha* slipped out of bed, and falling on her knees, began to say her prayers, whispering in a low voice, and not wishing to draw the attention of any of her school-fellows. But *Miss Grumpton*, who felt her get out of bed, and saw her kneel down (it not being quite dark) called out, Dear Miss! what are you about? what have you got out of bed for? I will get in again in a minute or two, returned *Martha*; I only came out to say my prayers. Say your prayers! replied *Miss Grumpton*, in a loud voice of astonishment, what are you going to say your prayers for now? Did not you pray enough below stairs? Sure you are quite

a *Methodist*, Miss! I do not understand what you mean by that, said *Martha*; but I always do say my prayers every night and morning, and as I do not understand *French*, all that was said below stairs was of no use at all to me, for I am sure I could not pray one word of it. O, *lauk!* I should never think of that for my part, returned Miss *Grumpton*; prayers are prayers, *are not they?* whether they are *French* or *Dutch*; so pray come into bed again, or, I assure you, my governess will be *vastly* angry with you Miss, if she knows that you get out of bed. I do not think she could be angry with me for *praying*, replied *Martha*, crying, but if you think so, I can get into bed again, God can hear me as well when I am *in* bed, as *out*; but it is very hard—She could say no more, but getting into bed burst into a flood of tears, and sobbed most bitterly at her situation.

Lab, now! what have I said Miss, returned Miss *Grumpton*, to make you fret so? If you will pray, *pray away, pray away*, with all my heart; you may pray for yourself and me too, if you please, for I hate the employment, I assure you; but

for *goodness sake*, Miss, do not lay and cry so; if you do, I declare I will tell my governess: I protest it is impossible to get a wink of sleep for you, you lay blowing your nose so, it is quite *nasty* to hear you. I am very sorry to disturb you so, replied *Martha*, sobbing, but indeed I cannot help it. Perhaps you cried the first day you came? I never slept a night from home before in all my life. Well! you need not cry for *that*, said Miss *Grumpton*, for I am sure you do not *sleep* now, neither will you let me: you are just like the dog in the manger, Miss, you neither sleep yourself, nor let any body else sleep.

Poor *Martha* finding it would be impossible to please her by any thing she could say, resolved to hold her tongue, and suppress her sobs, that she might give as little disturbance as possible. The melancholy reflections which filled her mind, were such as no one can imagine, who has not felt the severe pang of separation from beloved friends, and the necessity of being in company with persons most displeasing, added to all which, she was anxious lest her tears should prejudice her governess

against her, as well as make her be despised by all her school-fellows.

With her heart filled with such thoughts as these, she for a long time lay unable to close her eyes. She heard the various comments of her companions upon her conduct, after they supposed she was asleep; and with horror heard one or two of them lay plans for getting into the lock-up garden the next day, to procure apples to eat after they should come to bed. What a place, thought she to herself, is this which I am come to! surely I had better have staid at home, though I had never gained any improvement, than come to keep company with such wicked children as these appear; who even laugh at *prayer*, and contrive how they shall *steal*. Well might my Mamma caution me against *deceit*, or committing any *mean tricks*; and charge me to remember, that God always observes me. Yes! he sees me, and I hope will protect me, and take care of me, and not let these naughty girls lead me into evil. With thoughts such as these, and beseeching the Almighty to bless her parents, her brother, and all her friends, she at length fell asleep, and, for

a few hours, forgot all her cares and sorrows.

The next morning, when she waked, she determined to have no more altercation with her companion upon the subject of prayer, but contented herself with quietly recommending herself to God as she lay on her bed, and determined, the first moment she could get, she would offer her prayers and thanksgivings in what she thought a more acceptable manner. As soon as the clock struck seven the bell rang, which was the signal for them all to rise. There! the bell rings, said Miss *Grumpton*, and if you do not get up directly, Miss *Starch* will soon be *about your house*, I can promise you. Besides, you will not be ready for *prayers* Miss, and that, I suppose, you will think a shocking thing; for they will be in *English*, I can tell you for your comfort, this morning.

I am glad to hear it, replied *Martha*, and, I dare say, I shall be ready, for I will get up directly. She then arose and dressed herself with great expedition: for her Mamma had always taught her to move about every thing as quick as possible, and not get into a slothful, idle way of doing

any thing necessary to be done; much less could she approve of her spending time in dressing and ornamenting her person. She had always enforced the necessity of being perfectly *clean* and *neat*, and had taught her at the same time, to despise all that minute attention which some people pay to every pin they place, or knot they tie, and through which they waste a great share of their time, that might be much more profitably employed.

During the time she was dressing, her attention was wholly taken up in observing the different behaviour of her companions, and seeing how some kindly assisted, whilst others mutually appeared to tease and torment each other. With pleasure she remarked the four Miss *Longs* cheerfully striving which should render most service to the other; they stood one behind the other, lacing and pinning each other's frocks, so that they were completed in the same time as it would have taken to dress a single one; all, except the eldest, who stood last, and would not suffer her own frock to be pinned, till her sisters were quite ready for going down, and then one of them finished her. Most of the other

young ladies likewise readily assisted each other in tying tucker-strings, and those kind of little matters which they could not manage to do for themselves. But Miss *Crick*, Miss *Hastings*, Miss *Trip*, and Miss *Grumpton*, seemed to vie with one another, who should be the most spiteful and unkind : instead of endeavouring to be serviceable, they did all they could to distress each other. If one wanted the comb, the other was sure to toss it to the farther end of the room ; and if one dropped her pincushion, another would run and give it a kick under the bed, just as she was stooping to pick it up : in return for which, the owner of the pincushion clawed off her adversary's cap, and tossed it upon the tester of the bed : that again gave fresh provocation to the wearer of it, who sought to be revenged by throwing away her antagonist's gloves, or whatever else she could first get hold of. And thus they proceeded quarrelling, snatching, teasing, and hindering each other through the whole ceremony of dressing ; which they had scarcely finished, when Miss *Starch* entered the apartment.

Pray ladies, said she, what was that disturbance I heard just now? I am sure there was some quarrelling, I do *insist* upon knowing who it was: such behaviour, I do assure you, shall not go unpunished: is not it a strange thing that you cannot all agree like *young ladies*, and not quarrel and make such a disturbance, like a *parcel* of boys? I am *ashamed* of you, ladies, and if I hear any more of such behaviour, I promise you, I will acquaint your governess and Mrs. *Right* with it. She then addressed herself to *Martha*. Good morning to you, Miss *Beauchamp*, said she, I hope, my dear, you had a good night's rest, and are ready for your breakfast; and I hope too we shall see you in better spirits than you were in yesterday; we must not have any more crying to-day; but I know you will be a good child (continued she, putting on a smile, and chucking her under the chin) will not you, my dear?

Martha, not much entertained with this salutation, only replied in a grave tone of voice, Yes, Madam. Another bell was now rung, and again the whole family were assembled in the school-room, where, after interchanging civilities, Mrs. *Right*

demande silence, and began to read prayers in *English*, to the no small joy of little *Martha*, whose remarkable quiet behaviour was observed and commended by Mrs. *Steward*, and proposed to all the rest of the scholars of her own age as an example well worthy of their imitation.

When prayers were over, Mrs. *Steward* and all the teachers withdrew, and left the children to play by themselves for half an hour, till breakfast should be ready.

As soon as they were gone, Miss *Mary Candid* came to *Martha*, and very kindly enquired after her health? How she had slept? How she liked her apartment? and more particularly how she liked her bed-fellow?

O dear! replied *Martha*, I do not like her a *bit*: I think as you told me, she appears to be extremely cross, and I think very wicked too, for she laughed at me for wanting to say my prayers, because I did not understand that *French stuff* which the *French* lady read last night; and I have always been taught, that it is my duty to pray every night and morning.

Certainly it is, rejoined *Miss Candid*, but I believe as you say, that she is not a very good girl, and I am heartily sorry you have gotten her for a bed-fellow; but I fear that there is no chance of your getting rid of her, as we are all settled in our different beds and apartments at present; and it is one of the rules of the school, not to change our bed-fellows when once we are fixed, unless our partner goes away, and that is the reason you are put with *Miss Grumpton*, because *Miss Wilmot*, (the young lady whom she used to sleep with) left school last week.

What then, do you think I must continue with her, enquired *Martha*, as long as I stay?

Perhaps not that, replied *Miss Candid*, but indeed I cannot give you any hopes of quitting her, because, as I tell you, it is a rule of the school, not to change unless something very particular happens.

What shall I do then? said *Martha*, how shall I bear it? it will make me even still more unhappy than I expected.

O! never mind it, replied *Miss Candid*, with a voice of kind compassion, never mind it; you need not be with her in the

day time ; and when you go to-bed, you may pretend to go to sleep as soon as you lay down, and so have no disputes with her ; and if she finds you always a quiet, good girl, you may assure yourself, though she may laugh at, she will not much trouble you, for she always chuses for her friends those of the young ladies who are more like herself, rude, cross, and mischievous. All, therefore, that you have to do, is to disregard all she says ; neither let her persuade you to behave as she does, nor laugh you out of what you think to be your duty ; for if once you make yourself unhappy about what the naughty girls say, and try to behave so that they may not laugh at you, you may depend upon it, that you will soon be as bad as they are : the only way is not to mind them, or care a pin about them. When first I came to school, I was very unhappy about it, and it sadly distressed me to be called *Cross-patch*, and *Miss Formal*, and *Saint*, and *Overgood*, and such kind of names ; and I could not help crying about it every day almost : at last Mrs. *Steward* insisted upon knowing the cause of my being so very

uneasy; and I told her, though not till she *made* me, for I was afraid that they should think I was a tell-tale. And she then said, I am very sorry, my dear, that any of your companions should be so disagreeable to you, and such naughty children; but in every large society there will always be found some members who seem to take delight in mischief, and in disturbing the general peace. Such persons, therefore, ought to be shunned as if they were infectious, their company avoided, and their conversation and advice disregarded and despised. Sorry am I, to find that any of my family should prove themselves so undeserving of your regard; but since they do so, I would advise you not to disturb yourself about them: in the school, I am certain, there are numbers very deserving of your love; with such, my dear, I would advise you to associate yourself, and leave those, who prefer naughtiness before goodness, to themselves. I heartily wish I had none such in my school; but be assured, whoever I at any time know to be guilty, I will take every method in my power to reform and bring to a proper sense of their duty.

This, continued Miss *Candid*, is what my governess said to me; and I wrote to my mamma about it, and she advised me the same. Do not, *Mary*, said she, quarrel with them, and give any just cause to dislike you; but on no account become intimate with, or let them be your companions; be civil and kind to every body, but make *friendship* only with those who are good. After my mamma and Mrs. *Steward* said this, I determined not to mind what the cross or naughty young ladies said to me, and only to play with those who are good; and, I assure you, there are a great many very good-natured girls with whom you may be very comfortable. I cried sadly when I first came to school, but I do not mind it now; I do not like leaving home, but after I have been here two or three days I regard it not: my governess is always very kind to all the good ones, and so is Mrs. *Right* and all the ladies, if we do but mind what they say to us. I dare say, Miss *Beauchamp*, that you will soon like school better than you expect, and be very happy.

I *hope* I shall, replied *Martha*, sighing, but I cannot say I much think it. I have no notion that I ever can be happy away from home, and in a place where there are so many cross and wicked children. O! never trouble yourself about them, said Miss *Candid*; do you connect yourself with the good ones, and you will not find them cross. You say, rejoined *Martha*, that Mrs *Right*, and all the ladies are very kind! Miss *Kitty Long* told me yesterday, that they were *all* cross, especially Mrs. *Right*. That is, replied Miss *Candid*, because some of the scholars call every body *cross* who find any fault with them; which is the way of Miss *Kitty Long*. She is a very good-natured girl, and not at all wicked; but though she *can* learn very fast, and is remarkably clever, she is very apt to be careless, to neglect her tasks, and not attend to what is said to her; and that makes Mrs. *Right* and the other teachers angry. Besides, she will poke her head sadly when at work, and Mrs. *Right* has once or twice punished her for that; but I do assure you, if you will try to be good, you will find them all tolerably good-humoured. Miss *Starch* is the worst

of any, that is, she ofteneft flaps one's neck and hands, and takes us away from play; but Mrs. *Steward* is extremely kind, and if she and Mrs. *Right* are pleased with me, I do not mind Miss *Starch*.

Not *mind* her! resumed *Martha* astonished, why I thought you was obliged to mind them all?

Yes, replied Miss *Candid*, I do *mind* what she says to me, but I do not so much care for her good opinion as for that of the other two. She often scolds a great deal when we really do not deserve it, and says we are *very naughty*, and deserve to be *well whipped*, when, I am sure, we do not; and Mrs. *Steward* would not be angry at all if she were to know the affair, so that I do not much care for what she says. We do *mind* her to be sure, because we *must*, but we do not *love* her, or care much about her. But pray take care, and be very civil to her, or else she will complain to Mrs. *Steward*, and then *she* will be very angry; and I am sure you would be sorry for that. I am sorry that you are so unlucky as to have Miss *Starch* for the mistress of your apartment, because she is so very severe if any thing is left about,

or your cloaths are not in proper order. Madam *Brilieu* and Mrs. *Davis* are the most good-natured about those affairs, and if any thing happens to be out of its place, instead of being angry, they will put it away themselves; but Mrs. *Right* and Miss *Starch* never will; neither will Mrs. *Steward*. There are but four young ladies in her apartment, and they are the four Miss *Harringtons*; but she will not suffer them to leave so much as a pin about the room. So I tell you this, that you may know what you have to trust to, and take care of yourself.

I am much obliged to you, said *Martha*, but I do not in the least fear that I shall have anger on that account: I have always been used to put every thing in its proper place, and keep my room quite tidy.

That is well for you, said Miss *Candid*, or I promise you, you would find it hard; but it is now time to go to breakfast, for the bell rings.

They then went down into the hall with the rest of the young ladies; and *Martha*, a little comforted by the conversation of her new companion, eat a tolerable hearty breakfast. She afterwards

went with them into the school, and Mrs. *Steward*, at the request of Miss *Candid*, permitted her to sit next to her, which was a particular indulgence; for as she was two years younger, her proper place would have been upon another form; but as it seemed to afford her some satisfaction, and she was so exceedingly unhappy at leaving home, Mrs. *Steward* gave leave for it.

During the hours of school, *Martha* behaved remarkably well. She did her work exceedingly neat and clean, and read with such uncommon propriety for a child of her age, that Mrs. *Steward* was astonished.

After school she went with the rest of the young ladies, and even felt some pleasure in joining with them in their amusements; keeping all the time close to Miss *Candid*, in whose society she began to hope she should find some small recompence for the absence of those dear and near friends she had left at home.

After dinner she again returned to school, where she acquitted herself as well as she had done in the morning; and in the evening before she went to play, sat

down to learn the tasks which had been that day appointed her.

When bed-time came, she took leave of Miss *Candid* with tears in her eyes, and, and with a heavy heart, undressed herself to sleep with Miss *Grumpton*. The prayers had again been read in *French*, and she was as much distressed as the preceding night, to find an opportunity to offer up her private devotions.

At length she resolved, as her cause was a good one, to speak to Miss *Starch*, (who entered the apartment just as she was ready to go to-bed) and ask her permission to be allowed to pray in *English*, as she did not understand *French*. But how was she surprised, when instead of being applauded as she expected for her request, she received the following answer.

Say your prayers *now* child! when you are all undressed and ready to step into bed! Why I never heard of such a thing in all my life! Surely, Miss, you must be *mad* to think of it! What do you want to get your *death of cold*? Pray get into bed this moment, and never let me hear of such a thing again! I wonder you were not ashamed to think of asking it! Say your

prayers indeed in your *night-shift*! A pretty affair indeed! A fine cold you would get! Who do you think is to nurse you? And what would your mamma say, to have you taken no better care of?

My mamma, Madam, (replied *Martha*, in a trembling voice) always charged me to say my prayers; besides, I could put my bed-gown on, and I am sure I should not get cold.

I am sure of no such thing, returned Miss *Starch* in an angry tone; besides, have not you just been at prayers in the school? How many prayers would you have of a night?

I did not understand one word of them, said *Martha*, I do not understand *French*.

Then it is time you should *learn*, replied Miss *Starch*; what are you come to school for but to learn *French*? And nothing will improve you quicker than saying *French* prayers; so I beg I may not have another syllable upon the subject.

Martha finding that it would be to no purpose to make any reply, got into bed; and Miss *Starch* tucking up her bed-cloaths, repeated to herself, *I say pray indeed!* and then charging the young ladies to lie still,

and wishing them all a good night, left the room and went down stairs.

Well, said *Martha* to herself, may Miss *Candid* not much value the opinion of this lady: and how peculiarly unhappy am I to be placed under her care! surely Mrs. *Steward*, or Mrs. *Right*, or Mrs. *Davis*, could not behave in this sad, wicked manner! And yet what shall I do? If I speak to them, perhaps they will be angry, and Miss *Starch* may be so offended as to use me with more severity than she otherwise would; yet if she should, I ought not to mind that, when my *duty* is concerned: I do not know what to do about it; but I will write to my mamma, and do whatever she shall advise me, let it cost me what it will.

Then silently offering up her prayers to the Almighty, and returning thanks for all the blessings of the past day, she fell asleep; though not before she had heard some fresh instances of Miss *Grumpton's* unpleasing disposition.

The next morning as soon as she possibly could, she went to Miss *Candid*, and told her in what manner Miss *Starch* had

behaved. What can I do? said she, or what do you think I had best do?

Upon my word, my dear, replied Miss *Candid*, I do not know what to advise you. It certainly is extremely wrong not to pray every night; but, as it is impossible to attend to what you are about, either when the young ladies are laughing at you, or Miss *Starch* huffing you, I should think you had better not attempt it after you get into your room. You might, you know, say what prayers you chuse to yourself whilst Madam *Brilieu* is reading the *French* ones.

That is very true, said she, only hearing the *French* so puts me out, I do not know what I am saying; but I will take a book, and then I shall be able to attend better. I will write to my mamma to-day, and ask her about it, and then I shall be sure that I shall do what is right; for I am certain she will advise me properly.

Aye, I think that will be the best way, replied Miss *Candid*; but I am sure that you will not have time to write to-day, for Mr. *Soft*, our drawing-master, comes this morning, and in the afternoon Mr. *Lightly* the dancing-master. And when you do

write, I assure you, that you must take care what you say, for most likely Miss *Starch*, or Mrs. *Davis*, will come and look over you, and they would be very angry if you did not write well.

Poor *Martha* was sorry to hear that she must have such restraint upon her writing to her mamma, as she much wished to make her acquainted with every thing that passed. For three weeks she every day intended writing, but was as often prevented, either by her necessary employments, the company of Miss *Starch*, or her school-fellows. At last Miss *Candid* advised her to speak to her governess, and request her permission to write in the parlour; which Mrs. *Steward* no sooner was informed that she wished, than she kindly consented. Accordingly, *Martha* wrote the following letter to her mamma.

HONORED MADAM,

THIS is the first moment since I left you, that I have it in my power to write to you, and now I have an opportunity, I am sure I do not know how to begin. I have so many things to tell

you, I know not which, or what to say first: but I think, if you knew what sort of a place school is, you would never have let me come to it. I like Mrs. *Steward* very well; she behaves extremely kind, and I think, if she had time to be more with us, the scholars would not many of them be so bad as there are; but she is so much engaged with the ladies parents who call to see them, and with the older scholars, that she has hardly any time to be with us younger ones. Mrs. *Right* (the head teacher) is likewise so much taken up with the great ladies, that neither can she attend to us much; I wish she could, for I like her next best to Mrs. *Steward*. There is a Mrs. *Davis* and a Miss *Starch*, who have all the care of the younger half, and as I have the misfortune to be one of them, I am chiefly under the direction of Miss *Starch*, whom I do not like at all; she is very far from being good-tempered; besides, worse than that, I am sure she is very wicked. Only think, Madam, she will not let me say my prayers at night; and was quite angry with me for desiring it. We have prayers every night and morn-

ing read in the school to the whole family; but as those of an evening are *French*, I cannot understand a word of them; so I wanted to pray after. I went up stairs, and when I told her the reason, she said that I must *learn* to understand them, and the *French* prayers would improve me in the language. In short she appeared to think it of but little consequence, whether we prayed or not, and by her way of talking on many subjects, I am sure she cannot be a good woman. You have always said, that it is very wrong to laugh at people, either for their bodily infirmities, or for their dress; but I am sure she does both.

There was a lady came one day to see us dance, and she had the misfortune to be crooked, and very plain; and Miss *Starck* has so laughed at her ever since, you would be surprised: calling her a *figure*, and a *fight*, and an *object* not fit to go into *genteel* company; and I overheard her telling Madam *Brilieu*, that she absolutely looked fit to *scare the owls*. And then about cloaths she seems to think so *much* about them! She is always very smart herself, and extremely

angry if any of the ladies are untidy. One day she made Miss *Kitty Long* go to bed at six o'clock without her supper, because she romped her cap off at play; and she does say so *much* about looking *smart*, that I cannot think it right; and I am *sure* you would not like her. And then there are such a number amongst the scholars, who, though they appear good whilst in sight, and get praised by Mrs. *Steward* and the teachers, yet are so very naughty when by themselves, and do so many bad tricks, that I am sure you had better let me come home. They tell fibs as fast as possible, and do not seem to mind it at all. There is a Miss *Grumpton*, with whom I sleep, who not only fibs, but even steals; and then only laughs at any of the good ones who find fault with her for it. One of the young ladies, a Miss *Catch*, when she came back to school after the last holidays, brought back in her pocket (but by *mistake* she says, though there is no depending upon her) a key of one of her papa's garden gates, which key will open a gate at the bottom of our play garden, that goes into one which Mrs. *Steward*

keeps locked up, and is full of fruit. So she lets herself into it, and throws apples and pears over the wall for her companions to pick up, but does not take any herself which she pulls off the trees, that she may be able to say, she has not *taken* any, if the fruit should be missed, or they found out, as one day some of them were. I will tell you how. They had been loading their pockets in this manner just before school-time, when Miss *Starch* was busy with the rest of the ladies, while they were washing their hands: and when the bell rang, in they came, without either having time to empty their pockets, or wash their hands: so when Miss *Sneak* went to shew her work, it was so dirty that Miss *Starch* was very angry; and looking at her fingers, and finding them so likewise, she rapped her knuckles with the handle of her scissars, and made her cry; so she wanted her handkerchief to wipe her nose and tears, and pulling it out, out trundled two or three apples, one of which was half eaten up. On seeing the apples, Miss *Catch*, knowing herself to be guilty, coloured exceedingly, which

Miss *Starch* observing, charging her with being one who had taken some, and insisted upon having her pockets emptied; but she positively denied having taken on; and as none were found upon her, she was believed. Miss *Sneak* likewise insisted upon it that she found her's in the garden, and Miss *Grumpton* taking two out of her pocket, carried them to the table, and said she found those two, which she supposed Miss *Sneak* dropped, for they were in the middle of the garden. Miss *Starch* then enquired, if any body else had any, and all the ladies denying it, she made no further search; though if she had, she would have found plenty. She gave Miss *Sneak* two or three slaps upon her neck, and made her sit and work by her the rest of the school-time, and afterward gave her two questions of grammar to learn more than she otherwise would have had. And this was all the punishment the whole set had, for their *thieving, lies, and wickedness*. I was so monstrously vexed with their naughtiness, and thought it was such a shame that they should come off so, that I had a great mind to tell

Mrs. *Steward* the whole truth about it; but Miss *Candid* advised me not: she said, I should only get myself hated, and do them no good, and so I did *not*; but pray send me word what you think I had best do about such things, and about my prayers, for I have hardly said them of an evening, except after I have been in bed, since I came. Once or twice I took my book to read them in *English* at the same time, but Mrs. *Steward* saw me, and desired me to put it away, and attend to Madam *Brilieu*. I can tell my letters, and spell some little words in *French*, but I fear it will be a long time before I shall understand any thing that is read or talked. And if I could understand it ever so well, I am sure it can never add half so much to my happiness, as the enjoyment of your and my papa's company would. O! you can not think how I long to be with you; I can think of nothing else all day; and I assure you, my papa was much mistaken, when he supposed I should soon be as merry and happy here as ever I was, for that I never shall be. There are some very agreeable girls in the school, to be sure, amongst whom is a Miss *Candid*; she

has behaved extremely kind to me, and is the only comfort I have found in my absence from you. I *wish* I had been fortunate enough to sleep with her, or at least in her room; but that I am not, and fear I never shall be. Here are also four Miss *Longs*, and a Miss *Bright*, and Miss *Ord*, and two Miss *Standleys*, who are all very kind to me, and appear very good too: and beside these, there are several others who seem to be really good, though they are older, and therefore take not much notice of me, except a Miss *Lloyd*, one of the biggest in the school, who has also behaved very tenderly to me, and promises that she will do every thing in her power to make me comfortable. But what a sad slow way this is of acquainting you of what passes. I have not yet told you one hundredth part of what I had to say, and Miss *Camard* has just been in to let me know that Mrs. *Steward* says, I must now leave off, so good-by, my *dearest* dear Mamma. How I wish that I could see you, could talk to you, and know how you do. You promised you would write to me. I thought

before this time, that I should have had many letters. Pray let me hear from you soon, and tell my papa, I am sure he could find time to write, for he writes very fast I know. I wish my little *Charles* could write, then he might send me a letter every day, and during the time I was reading that, I should partly forget how much I am your *afflicted*, though

Dutiful Daughter,

MARTHA BEAUCHAMP.

As soon as *Miss Beauchamp* had concluded her letter, she again joined the young ladies, though not till she had been to *Mrs. Steward*, and very genteely thanked her for her kind indulgence, in permitting her to write in the parlour. *Mrs. Steward* told her, she should always be welcome to be there when she wanted to write to her Mamma, and then asked her for her letter? *Martha* coloured at the request. I do not, my dear, said she, mean to read your letter, I only want to see the direction; for though I do not in

the least doubt your word, yet it is one of the rules of my school, never to suffer any letter either to be sent from, or received by the young ladies, of which I do not see the direction, you must excuse me therefore, my love, in requesting to see it. As soon as *Martha* found the *outside* of her letter was all that was to be perused, she instantly produced it to Mrs. *Steward*, who taking it, promised to send it that day to the post: which in the evening she did, and in three or four days, (in which nothing worthy being related happened) *Martha* received the following letter from her Mamma, to her no small joy and satisfaction.

Mrs. *Benuchamp* to her Daughter.

I WONDER not, my dear *Martha*, if you have not already received a letter from me, that you should be surprised and disappointed at my silence; but I assure you, my love, it has not been owing to my neglect; for I wrote one letter to you the day after you left me, and another the next week, and was not

less astonished than you have been, at hearing nothing from you: indeed the day on which I received your's, I was going to send *John* to enquire after you, as I was fearful your not being well was the cause of your silence. What the fate of my two letters has been I am at a loss to know, though I can not help much suspecting the carelessness of the person whom I intrusted to put them into the post. I gave them both to *Simon Craft*, who promised faithfully to take great care of them; but I rather fear that he neglected his promise, and either kept them, or destroyed them as waste paper; however, I will be more cautious in future to whose charge I consign them; your papa, who is going that way to-day, will himself see this safely deposited. And O! that it were in my power to transmit by it, that peace and satisfaction to your mind which I so ardently wish you to enjoy. Your letter, my dear girl, at once delighted and distressed me; pleased me, to find that you considered me as your dearest friend, and best director; and very sincerely grieved me, to learn your situation is so far from being happy. However,

my love, I still flatter myself it will mend, and would earnestly recommend you to support your spirits with the same cheering hope—

Hope sheds a light o'er all the gloomy scene;

To hope is noble, to despair is mean.

I confess, it is a sad stroke upon you to be so closely connected with such a disagreeable girl as you describe Miss Grumpton to be; but as we should at all times endeavour to see every advantageous, as well as distressful circumstance in our situation, so I cannot but rejoice at your finding an agreeable companion in Miss Candid. I hope, upon further acquaintance, you will still find her worthy of your regard; and that a friendship with her, may, in some small degree, compensate for the loss of my company. However, do not too hastily enter into an intimacy with her, till you have had sufficient proof of her being as good as she is agreeable, lest you should be under the necessity of withdrawing your confidence, and suffering the severe pain of finding your affection misplaced: but do not ap-

pear to doubt her professions, for if she knows herself to be sincere, nothing can give her such dislike as finding her veracity mistrusted. Behave to her, therefore, with the greatest civility and good-humour, and if you see her conscientiously observant of her duty toward God, at all times keeping strictly to the truth, abhorring every sort of meanness, cunning, and deceit, and equally attentive to what is *right*, when out of the observation of her governess as when in it; if she is kind and obliging to her school-fellows, humble and submissive to all her teachers, civil and good-humoured to the servants, and her inferiors; then may you safely venture to repose confidence in her, and love her with all the sincerity which such good qualities deserve. As for the account you give of Miss *Starch*, I scarcely know what to say, or advise you about her; circumstanced as you are, you undoubtedly must pay her every *outward* civility, and be obedient to her commands in every thing, where they do not contradict the law of God; but where they do, remember, my dear child, that no

worldly consideration is to tempt you to transgress that.

Our first, and highest obligations, are to be paid to the Almighty. From him we derive every blessing which we enjoy, and are indebted for our existence to his mercy and goodness; consequently, he has the first claim to our love and obedience. If we have any sense of gratitude in our hearts, we should naturally look upon ourselves as bound to please him before all things; and esteem no trouble too great, whereby we must render ourselves acceptable unto him. But, when added to this suggestion of our own hearts, we have received his positive commands how, and in what manner, we are to conduct ourselves; surely nothing then can equal the folly and madness of doing those things which he has forbidden, or neglecting those things which he has commanded: and no one, who considers rightly, would be tempted to transgress for the greatest advantage this world can give. If, therefore, Miss *Starch*, or any one, should at any time try to make you do what you *know* is displeasing in the sight of God, resolutely refuse to comply;

nor let the thought of your governess being told, intimidate you from your duty: on the contrary, be even desirous of having your cause brought before Mrs. *Steward*; she is a sensible woman, and most likely will give you redress: but if circumstances should be so represented that even to *her* you should *appear* guilty, still patiently endure punishment, rather than commit a wicked action, or be guilty of falsehood. In this world, my dear child, people often suffer for righteousness; and the power of the wicked is so great as to bear down the good: still those who are *truly pious* will never be dejected, or desert their duty on this account: they know that the Lord is their judge, and the Most High their protector: they know, although their actions may be misrepresented, and their motives mistaken, that *He* who seeth the secrets of all hearts, observes their *real intentions*, and will one day reward them accordingly. And a consideration which should mightily support us, when suffering for the cause of virtue is, that we may assure ourselves, that the greater the temptations are which we resist, and the more

trouble we find in being good, so much the greater and more glorious shall be our recompence at the day of the resurrection of the just; that is, I mean in the kingdom of heaven. There, my dear *Martha*, we shall be supremely blessed, and find every inconvenience we at present suffer, rewarded far beyond any thing that we can now fancy, or even wish. Let then, these considerations inspire you at all times to be good, however you may be laughed at by the wicked, or disliked for being so. And, young as you are, your Almighty Father will observe and reward you for it. Beside, who knows how far your example may prevail upon others to be good likewise? The more there are who are good, the more naughtiness will be discountenanced; and many a girl who would be ashamed to be the *only* bad one in the school, will be careless of her conduct if she finds others ready to be equally naughty as herself; of so much consequence therefore is it, that every one should endeavour to set a good *example*. But with regard to converting them either by your *advice*, or by *telling* your *governess* of their crimes,

I fear there is so little chance of that being of any service, that I cannot recommend you to do it; on the contrary, I would advise you by no means to attempt it, as thereby, you will (as Miss *Candid* told you) only get yourself disliked. Though you may in a great many instances *know* what is right to do yourself, still you are far too young to direct others; at least they will *think* you so, and therefore pay no regard to what you say. And, as they cannot possibly see your *true motive* for telling your governess, so it will only be attributed to ill-nature, and a desire to see them punished: for these reasons therefore, my dear, never tell tales, unless in vindication of your own conduct, and then be very careful to keep strictly to the truth, and to shew neither anger nor pleasure in the relation.

Having now given you my opinion upon this head, I must make some reply to that most important part of your letter, concerning the duty of prayer; and much do I wish that I could extricate you from your present difficulties. That Miss *Grumpton*, and such naughty girls,

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should neglect so essential a duty, I am not at all surpris'd at; but that a person of Miss *Starch's* age should, astonishes me beyond measure; nor am I less concerned that she should be employed by Mrs. *Steward* to have the care of you; an office, which, by your account, she is certainly very unfit for. Nevertheless, as in many instances, I suppose Mrs. *Steward* finds her clever, and capable of instructing the children in many *outward* accomplishments, I beg you will behave to her with civility, and obey her in all things, not contrary to your duty to God. With respect to your prayers, it being, as Miss *Candid* says, utterly impossible to attend to that holy exercise whilst people are talking to you, I believe, unless Miss *Starch* will consent to your request, you must give over the attempt to offer them after you get into your own apartment. But, my dear child, do not on that account think that you stand excused for not saying them at all, since that would be an omission highly displeasing to God; for, as he knows in what situation you are placed, he graciously will accept those petitions which you offer him *sincerely*

from your heart, although not in the manner you wish, and which indeed they require. If therefore you *really* cannot find an opportunity to *kneel*, without incurring the anger of Miss Starch, you surely have it in your power, during the course of the day, to *sit*, or *stand* for a few minutes without interruption, whilst you offer to the throne of grace your thanksgivings, and your prayers: for though I would always wish you to recommend yourself to God after you are in bed, still as at that time people are apt to be very sleepy, such devotions will be in danger of being repeated with sloth and inattention, therefore I cannot approve of that being the *only* period for you devotion. But as you say, prayers are every evening read in the school; surely, my dear, as *they* are in a language you do not understand, you might at that time, without endeavouring to attend to them, repeat your own privately; I think if you were to attempt this, you would find it very possible, and then all your difficulty on that account would be at an end; for however *French prayers* may improve you

in the *language*, I do not wish to sacrifice your devotion to any such improvement.

The mind cannot apply with attention to two different pursuits at the same time, much less when one of them is of that important nature, as addressing the Almighty Majesty of Heaven, a duty which requires all our recollection and care, and which, after our utmost endeavours, is scarce ever performed in that attentive and devout manner it ought: much less is it to be neglected as if of no consequence, provided we do but improve in the acquirement of a new language. I therefore cannot help saying, that I think it a very material error which all schools are guilty of, in suffering the prayers to be read in *French*, when there must be so many of the children not sufficiently proficient in it, to attend properly to the duty, without thinking of the *language*. Surely other times, and other books, had better be applied to that purpose: but if so the *governess* appoints, the *children* certainly cannot alter it; but then they should remember, that such prayers in the sight of God are of no avail, and therefore should not neglect offering up others

which they can better understand and attend to. That you, my dear child, may, from duly considering the importance of the subject, be led at all times to pay such a rational devotion to the Deity, as he may think worthy of his acceptance, and from *praising* him *devoutly*, be led to *serve* him *sincerely*, is the wish at all times nearest the heart of your

Affectionate Mother,

JEMIMA BEAUCHAMP.

P. S. Upon looking over my letter, I find that I have concluded it, without answering your anxious enquiries concerning my own health; and indeed I scarcely know what account to give of it: for the last two days I have been tolerably well, but for some time before that very indifferent; however, as I am now mending, I beg you will not make yourself uneasy about me. I dare say I shall soon be well, and nothing will so much contribute to make me so, as hearing frequent accounts of your being *well* and happy; write to me therefore as often

as you can, and pray do not omit to make my best compliments to Mrs. *Steward*, and the four other ladies.

As soon as *Martha* had read her letter, she kissed the name of her Mamma, and folding it, let fall a tear as she put it into her pocket, which one of the young ladies, a Miss *Stone*, observing, asked her what was the matter? Nothing, replied she, is the *matter* with me. Then why do you cry? said Miss *Stone*. Nay, I do not know *why*, returned she, only because it comes from my Mamma, and I can not help it. *La!* Miss, said Miss *Stone*, I never saw any thing like you in all my life, you surely must have a *vast watery* head, you are always *sniveling* and *piping your eye* about something or other. *Piping my eye!* repeated *Martha*, I do not understand what you mean by that expression, but I cannot say I think it sounds like a very *polite* one; and I do not think it so disgraceful to shed a tear out of *love* to my Mamma, as to make use of so many vulgar words as many of you do. O! how prodigiously wise *we* are now all on

a sudden, replied Miss Stone, how long have you set up to teach your betters? I wonder who we shall have to teach us politeness next year! the ladies will all quickly improve *now*, I warrant! Now, that the *accomplished, polite, wise, and crying* Madam Beauchamp is come to instruct us. I do not want to *instruct* any of you, said Martha, turning away hastily; but pray can you tell where Miss Candid is? *In her skin; when she jumps out, you may jump in*, said Miss Catch. How can you ladies delight in being so ill-natured? said Martha, what have I done to make you so cross to me? To which question she received no other answer, than half a dozen of them all at once calling out, *O! vast fine! vast fine!* and then they began laughing, as if something had passed very entertaining. Martha, however, recollecting the advice of her mother, made no farther reply, but walking from them, went to Miss Kitty and Polly Long, with whom she soon joined in play, with several others of her school-fellows.

After they had all been jumping about some time, they were startled with the sound of somebody's voice speaking quite

close to the window ; when turning toward it, they perceived a poor woman with one child in her arms, and another tied to her back, addressing them with, Pray, pretty ladies, bestow a small matter upon a poor woman, and her two starved babies ; pray do, my little dears, and I will tell you your fortunes. On hearing the last words of her petition, they all instantly cried out, O ! she is a Gipsy ! she is a Gipsy ! and some were for sending her away, whilst others said, they should like to have their fortunes told, and for that purpose threw open the sash. Miss *Lloyd*, and several of the more sensible ones, strongly remonstrated against it ; saying how extremely angry Mrs. *Steward* would be if she knew it ; and still more than that, how very *wrong* a thing it was to do it at all : but all they could urge, was to no purpose, the greater part were for hearing their fortunes, and (as is commonly the case with those who take the wrong side of an argument) they were much the most noisy ; a sure indication that they had no good argument to use in behalf of what they wanted. However,

clamour at length prevailed, and the Gipsy was presented with six-pence from Miss *Creedless*, and ordered to proceed in informing her what should be her future destiny.

The woman, pleased to find she had so far gained an interest as to be heard by *one*, doubted not but that she should soon draw numbers to her party, and get many a six-pence as a reward to her nonsensical jabber. Accordingly she began, and looking very attentively into Miss *Creedless*'s hand, pretending she was to gain all her information from reading the *lines* which were there) proceeded to tell her, She would soon leave school, and be fetched home in a carriage; after which, she would see *somebody* who would please her; that he would be a very *handsome young gentleman*; and after a little trouble, and contradiction upon the subject, he would marry her, and settle a large fortune upon her; then she would have six fine children, three boys, and three girls, who would all live to be very rich, and very happy, and that she would live to be very old.

These favourable predictions so much pleased many of the children, that the window, and all the side of the room near it was crowded with enquirers, who eagerly pressed forward to learn their future fate; and *she* esteemed herself supremely happy, who, by dint of strength, could first gain the attention of the Gipsy. *Husbands*, and *Coaches* she predicted to be the lot of most of them; till a Miss *Brownlow*, who had but one half-penny in her pocket, presented that, and her hand, to her inspection together. The Gipsy took the half-penny, and shaking her head, in a dismal tone of voice said, O! child, child, shocking is your fate! nothing but cares and sorrows will attend you through life; your friends will all die, some one way, and some another; for I foresee that many of them will be murdered; and you will at last, after having had a very bad husband, who will spend all your money, be turned out to beg your bread from door to door; but nobody will shew you compassion, so that at last you will be starved to death with cold and hunger.

Upon hearing this black catalogue of evils Miss *Brownlow* burst into tears ; and indeed many of the others felt their spirits a little intimidated at so dismal a fate. But Miss *Hastings*, who was impatiently waiting for her turn, advanced next with half a crown (the only coin she likewise had about her) and gave that to the woman, whose eyes sparkled with joy as she took it. Then, in a loud voice she began, Happiest of young ladies ! How shall I be able to express the joys that await you ! or how shall I tell you of the treasures of gold and silver you will one day be possessed of ! But I would have you to know, that you are a sweet creature, and all the young gentlemen who see you will fall in love with you ; half a dozen will all be dying for you at once, and he who has you, will think you the greatest beauty upon earth : he will give you a new gold watch, and diamond earrings, and fine cloaths ; and a coach and six horses you shall ride in whenever you please, attended by half a dozen footmen all covered with silver lace ; and such beautiful daughters, and brave sons you shall be the mother of, that all the princes

and princesses in the world shall wish to be united with your family. I foresee also, that you will live many years to enjoy all these pleasures; and at last, on one *Thursday* morning, you will die in a fit of laughter, occasioned by the wit of one of your beautiful grand-daughters.

This *fine* fortune foretold to Miss *Hastings*, gave fresh spirit to the ladies to learn their own; whilst those who were too wise to give credit to such abominable nonsense, stood severely reproving them for giving encouragement to what they very justly termed, *downright* wickedness. Amongst this number was little *Martha*; who, addressing herself to Miss *Brownlow*, said, How can you make yourself uneasy for what this wicked woman has told you! I never heard any thing so foolish in my life. However *foolish* you think it, called out the Gipsy, who overheard what she said, you may depend upon it, that all I have said will come *true*; and what is more, you will live to repent of your incredulity, for I promise you, you will not pass through life without a good deal of trouble. Perhaps not, replied *Martha*, but not because you say so. I am not at

all afraid of your nonsense, I assure you; for I know very well that I am under the care of *God*, and not of a poor begging *Gipsy*. Upon her saying this, the woman replied with much warmth, and made use of many words and expressions very improper to be repeated in this book.

This short interruption however did not put a stop to the fortunes being told, till they were all on a sudden surprised by the appearance of Miss *Starck*, who just then entered the room, and lifting up her hands and eyes, with an air of astonishment called out, For *goodness* sake, ladies, what are you all thus *up in arms* about? What is the meaning of all this *hubbub*? And who is this *creature* you have got at the window? Then going toward the gipsy, she ordered her to leave the place that moment, or assured her it should be the worse for her; and pulling down the *lash*, turned round and enquired who it was that had presumed to open it?

All stood silent for a minute, till she again in a positive tone demanded, *who* it was had opened it? To which she received no other reply than all at once saying, I am sure I did not. It *must* be

some of you, said she, and unless you inform me *who*, you shall every one be punished as guilty.

Upon hearing this threat the name of Miss *Creedless* began to be repeated amongst them. But Miss *Creedless* positively asserted that she did not open it, and declared she saw Miss *Blithly* throw up the sash. Miss *Blithly* could not deny the charge; and only endeavoured to remove the blame from herself, by charging most of the ladies with being *as* guilty; as they had equally desired it might be opened, and also had had their own fortunes told after she had done it. And of all people, continued she, Miss *Creedless* should not accuse me, for she was the very first whom the Gipsy told her fortune to.

Told her fortune! repeated Miss *Starch*, why, Miss, you astonish me! What! for goodness, have you been about? A pretty thing for young ladies indeed to condescend to talk to *Gipsies*! I will gipsy you all I promise you, and tell you your fortunes too, for you shall go to-bed without your

suppers to-night, and be whipped into the bargain; that shall be the *fortune* of you all. A set of *naughty* children! I believe never were such a party of tiresome brats met together in this world as you all are: I *vow* you are enough to drive one out of one's senses with your tricks and behaviour; but I will go this moment and acquaint your governess with the way in which you have been employing yourselves; I will upon my honor.

So saying she left the room, and actually did go and inform Mrs. *Steward* of what had passed. Mrs. *Steward* replied, that she was very sorry to hear they had been so foolish, and said she would go herself and talk to them upon the subject. In the mean time those who knew themselves guilty among the scholars were all in the greatest consternation and fright, lest Miss *Starch's* prediction should be verified. The various good fortunes foretold many of them by the Gipsy seemed entirely obscured, by the cloud of present punishment which then appeared to threaten, and they began to vent their uneasiness, by mutually accusing each

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